

visiting the studio of Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles it is easy to imagine what has been stated, that some of the most famous and the finest studios in London and Paris are "made-over" out-houses of well known residences of the past. Mr. Knowles acquired the stable attached to the residence built for Mr. James Cawthra at 340 Bloor Street west, and now occupied by the Westbourne School for Girls, at which he is an instructor, last year, and has been his own architect in renovating and adjusting it to his artist's purposes. Saturdays Mr. and Mrs. Knowles have taken for their "At Home" day, and last Saturday evening quite fifty people gathered there, and, distributing themselves about the balconies, galleries, model thrones and other picturesque nooks and corners, in which the place abounds, added to the great charm of the scene. Music, which is one of the chief features of these Saturday evenings, was not so prominent in the evening's entertainment as usual, Mr. Frank Welsman being the sole contributor, with a Rhapsody of Schumann's. But Mrs. Scott-Raff gave a reading from Browning's "Pippa Passes." The peculiar style of dress which she adopts enhanced the picture, being in this case of white cloth made all in one and cut to the figure, falling into scant folds about her satin-shod feet. The deep embroidered and pointed cape and open sleeves were partially hidden by a scarf of white gauze, which clung gracefully about her shoulders. The company were nearly all of the artist-literary set, including Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mr. Harvey O'Higgins, of New York, who has been doing good magazine work, and Mrs. O'Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald Oxley, Miss Warlock, Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Richardson, and others.

the residence of the bride's sister,

Lieut. Colonel G. G. Nasmith.

1501



103 d

THE FAMILY

Friendship

O friends of mine, ask of me what you will
For very loving's sake.

Your asking thrice the emptied coffers fill,
Giving the more you take.

No little joy I send you but returns
A gladness that endures ;
Brighter the flame upon my hearthstone burns
Knowing its light warms yours.

Never can I be poor the while I pray,
"Share you my love and store."
I shall be beggared only on that day
You ask of me no more.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

1041

Morning and Night.

When in the early dawn we slide away,
The sky one pink rose lying on the bay,
The world seems very young to you and me; —
As young as love, as laughing and as free.

But oh! at night when we come floating back,
Glooming like shadows on the far moon's track,
How much a part of earth and heaven above
How old we are, and Oh! how old is love!

Macheline Hale.

Saturday afternoon turned out delightfully bright and warm for the garden party given by Sir William Mackenzie and Lady Mackenzie, in aid of the 198th Battalion, Canadian Buffs. Lady Mackenzie and Mrs. Cooper, wife of Col. Cooper, received the guests on the verandah, the former looking sweet and gracious as ever in black velvet with white, a transparent hat of wired lace, and a lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. Cooper was in blue silk with flowered hat, and her pretty young daughter was very energetic in selling sweets and cigarets, which the many young girls, themselves flower-like in multi-hued summer frocks, carried about in little baskets. The grounds, looking their loveliest, were thronged with visitors chatting in groups, looking on at the graceful dances on the grass, the tableau dance arranged by Miss Kingsford coming in for a large amount of admiration. The air was heavy with the scent of the lilacs and it is safe to say no pleasanter way of spending a summer afternoon could have been devised. There was an immense marquee on the lawn with a long flower-decked table well filled with the most delectable things to eat and drink, and it was with reluctant feet and a hearty meed of appreciation that the visitors turned their feet homeward.



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